

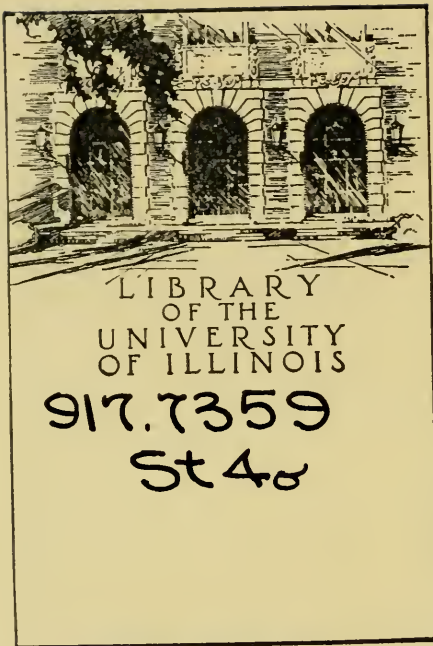
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On Randolph Hills

BY

CLARK E. STEWART



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Mail
Lutman
26 July 06

Second Edition

On Randolph Hills

**Personal Memories - Anecdotes
Reminiscences - and Characters**

By CLARK EMERSON STEWART

Price: Paper Cover 40c; Cloth Bound 75c

1943

Printed by The Heyworth Star



THE FERN BANK

—From a Painting by Pearl Lettlier Munster

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On Randolph Hills

PREFACE

The hills of Randolph mostly rise to mark the shores of the Kickapoo. They do not seem so great in size, but add much beauty to the view. Their sides, all carpeted with green are sometimes steep and rugged too. The Creek glints in this charming scene. The winding, smiling Kickapoo.

For eighteen miles the waters eat into the bluffs of soil and clay. Sometimes a drop of forty feet shows where the current made its way. The hills are lovely to the view, but take a value from the land. A forest of great trees once grew along the hills, but now the hand of man has sadly changed the view, and but a few remaining stand.

The early settlers mostly built beneath their hospitable shade. They found the water. Found the silt, found the fuel ready made.

The later settlers had to cast their lot on prairies, vast and cold. But fire and plow and tile at last has changed that sea to waving gold.

The memory of each swelling hill is very vivid to me yet, for there I learned to toil and till in winter's cold and summer's sweat.

I loved its men and women wise. Knowing their worth and virtues true—who strove to make a Paradise. I loved them for their vices, few. To those brave characters who toiled so worthily, their homes forsook and built an Eden in the wild, I dedicate this little book.

I can remember it first when the neighborhood was just emerging from the pioneer stage and I had the satisfaction of seeing it develop into an educated and refined community.

We always claimed, with considerable evidence, that Center School District was an unusually intellectual community. Witness the literary societies, the debating clubs, a good church and Sunday School; even a brass band. All these contributed to its process.

In my earlier memories I can think of many of the "Snow Birds," so-called because they came before the famous deep snow. They were all men and women of great courage and patience and all had pronounced opinions and strong conviction. Many of them were



Scene Along The Kickapoo
Powell Farm

what one might call "characters."

Gardner Randolph himself was a character. He was the first settler. But as soon as the population began to increase he moved on—farther west. He said it was getting so civilized that a man could not feel free any more.

THE SQUIRES

We had in the neighborhood many interesting men—strong, silent men. Yes, and some strong garrulous ones, too. Several of the best ones had been elected Squire and they administered what ever justice seemed needed in our mostly pacific community.

One of the most interesting ones was SQUIRE STRINGFIELD. A short, wiry, nervous type of man—very active, very friendly, and very devout. He had a high, piping voice which he kept pretty much occupied all the time. That is, when he could get any one to listen to his tales of the early settling of the township; of their hardships and privations; of their sacrifices and struggles. "Rough and ready" was the soubriquet that he gave himself.

SQUIRE CROOKSHANK—since changed properly to Cruikshank—but still a name of rather doubtful origin. Mr. Crookshank had a thin trembly voice. He also stuttered very much at times. One day a good Methodist said to him. "We will live long enough to see you safe in the Methodist fold."

"Well, it is p-p-p- possible, but not very p-p-p- probable," responded Mr. Crookshank good naturedly.

SQUIRE THOMPSON. Mr. Thompson was to me in my boyhood day a very reserved man. He said very little and I believed him to be cold and stern. But I remember being very much surprised one day to hear Father urge him to come over and see us and take dinner. And Father expressed to me the sentiment that Squire Thompson was a very worthy citizen. Which, as I said, was a real surprise to me.

He had a couple of lively boys. I remember once when I happened to be at their house on Sunday that the boys hitched up a pair of colts to the buggy, intending to take their sisters to Heyworth. The Squire protested that they could not handle the horses. But the boys boldly replied, "We'll show you." But when they started to drive out of the barnyard the colts made a dash and first thing, they ran the buggy into the fence. The Squire sprang to his feet and shouted, "Unhitch those colts before you all get your necks broken." But the boys just looked over their shoulders and laughed—and drove away.

This was a new revelation to me of Mr. Thompson, for I could never in my fancy imagine us ever ignoring our father's commands.

"Humph," muttered Mr. Thompson to me. "They know more than their father ever did. At least they THINK they do," he added as he sat down again.

Then SQUIRE VAN DERVOORT—my uncle after whom I was named and to whom I was always very devoted. And he seemed very devoted to me, too. He was by nature a very social man and took lively interest in his

neighbors and their welfare. A very kindly, well meaning man, showing somewhat his Dutch ancestry in his stocky figure and wide mouth. He had long flowing whiskers which he often combed with his fingers. He was generous, but cautious and shrewd.

In his latter years he developed much physical distress, partly perhaps in his imagination, but much of it very real. I am sure that a great deal of it came from his violation of all the rules of hygiene. For he slept in a room with the windows tightly closed. He ate heartily of everything that grew. He took very little exercise. Then, he lay flat on his back in bed by the hour, much of the time reading the Chicago Tribune. Then, he chewed fine cut incessantly. But he seemed to be what they called in Pinafore "The embodiment of positive contradictions." For he lived to well beyond eighty years and his eyes were so good that near his end he could still read without glasses.

He used to send for Father to come over. They were devoted friends. He would begin to tell Father about some alarming symptoms that had developed, and ask Father's best advice. Father would listen with great sympathy and then tell him that he was absolutely confident that the trouble was just a trifle, that he saw no cause for alarm and suggest some simple remedy. This would cheer Uncle Clark up very much and soon he would hop out of bed and take Father out to see a new stand of bees or a new calf—his aches and pains mostly

forgotten.

When Father would at last come home Mother would exclaim, "Archie, where have you been?"

"Oh," Father would reply with a shrug, "The Squire sent for me to come over and see him die again."

SQUIRE HOUSER was a character, too. He lived on what was called "Whig Row," because there were so many of that political faith along the highway. A portly, florid man, very friendly—if you did not rub the fur the wrong way. We called him mostly "Uncle Dock," although he was neither our uncle, nor a doctor. And some of the bold ones called him "Old Dock." Behind his back, you may be sure.

"UNCLE" JOHNNIE RUST was also a vital man—reddish as to hair, plump as to figure, round as to face. His favorite expression when he began a sentence was "Why, sir."

One time, Mr. Rust hired a chap who had just come from Scotland to work on the farm. So the first thing Mr. Rust said was, "Come on boys. We will gather a load of corn." When they got to the field the new hand sprang out of the wagon and the first thing they knew, he was pulling off the tassels as fast as he could and throwing them into the wagon bed. He knew of no corn excepting wheat and oats and he naturally supposed that gathering corn meant collecting the heads.

WILLIAM KARR, always called "Billie" was a character, too—a strong, vigorous, aggressive man. He was a cattle raiser and farmer—prouder perhaps of his farm than he was of his boys. His method of arguing was to make his statement, with much emphasis. Then before the other man could reply he would begin to laugh and he could and did "beller," as we called it, so long and so loud that the other man could not reply at all.

Finally, comes SQUIRE STEWART—Father. But his old title of Doctor clung to him and he was not called "Squire very often.

Father always had a great pride in his neighborhood and he conceived the ambition of going through his entire term without ever having a law suit brought before him—just to show what an orderly, peaceful neighborhood he lived in.

But, one day Charlie Taylor came over from Lytleville to say that a man had sued him for five dollars. After some discussion Father said, "Now, Charlie, you are a pretty good sort of fellow. Supposing I just lend you five dollars and you go and pay that claim off. Then you can pay me later."

So Charlie took the five dollars and he paid the man off, but he failed to pay Father back the money. So it looked like Father's only law suit would be one of suing Charlie himself, instead of the other man doing it, much to Mother's indignation.

LYTLEVILLE

"Look at my boots, Father," said I one morning to Father. We had a custom, when our boots got wet to fill them full of oats and leave them over night, on the theory that oats would dry them out. But my boots had a big hole in the bottom of the sole and when I picked them up the oats all ran out on the floor through the hole.

"Well, well, little boy," said Father. "I am afraid you will have to get them half soled. After breakfast you get up Ole Rock and go over to Mr. Daniels in Lytle-ville and get them half soled. Here is fifty cents. Don't lose it and don't pay him till the work is done and don't dally on the way. And get a sack of corn and take it along and get Mr. Marker to grind it for you, and stop at Squire Stringfield's and take back his spade and don't forget to thank him and you might pick up a few hazelnuts and bring them back and hurry for I want you to help pick up potatoes."

My Father, I thought, had a real genius for keeping a boy busy. So after breakfast away I went, sitting up on top of a big sack of corn laid across Ole Rock's broad back. Finley Daniels at Lytleville was a cripple who pegged shoes. After leaving the corn at Marker's mill on the banks of Kickapoo I went into his little slab sided shop.

"Well, son, what do you want?" he shouted as soon as I got in.

"Father said to get these boots half soled," I replied.

"Well," retorted Finley. "If you sell half, what will

you do with the other half?" This was one of his pet jokes. "Take them off, son, and let's see them."

So, there I sat for an hour while he pegged away on the soles. Getting weary waiting I ventured to walk in my stocking feet over to Tant Mason's blacksmith shop.

Tant Mason was the village blacksmith. "The muscles of his brawny arms were hard as iron bands." He was a great pot bellied, stocky man, with nerves of steel and a tongue of brass. He had been a soldier in the Civil War. Just before he left to go, he said to a neighbor, "Well, I got my wife a cow and some chickens and a ham. So if she can't get along, why she will just have to flicker." I believe she did not flicker, for she raised a pretty good family.

In the wagon shop in a shed next door, I heard some voices and looked in. There were about a dozen big black-bearded giants. I think they were just overgrown boys. Some of them were barefoot and all were playing marbles on the dirt floor.

Ah: Those Lytle villains as we often called them. Most of them had come from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. They lived partly by trapping and fishing and hunting. But when they really had to have some money they came out on the prairie and worked a spell.

As I looked down the main street I could see three church spires, for the village boasted three different denominations at that time—Methodist, Campbellites and the United Brethren.

And they were as a rule devout people too. The old time revivals were very popular—when folks really got

religion—when people were swept into the Kingdom by fervent preaching and exhortation and enthusiastic singing. I remember one song that had such a swing to it that you could hardly keep still:

“Religion is the best of all,
Religion is the best of all,
Religion is the best of all,
I feel it in my soul.

Come along stranger. Don’t you want to go
To join that blessed company that’s gone on
before?”

Then, come along brother, then father—till they had invited about the whole congregation. I suspect that the song was of negro origin and before had been pronounced “befo.” It had a sort of umpah—umpah lilt that was very attractive. Most of the converts, however, were sincere and they really were changed in their lives and habits.

I could see three houses that had been painted: Mr. Marker, the miller’s; Mr. Mason, the blacksmith’s, and John Ball, the grocer’s. The rest were mostly what we called slab houses and some of them had only dirt floors.

Marker’s mill was a great rambling shack, three stories high in the grist mill part. The saw mill was open on the sides and down below was the big ramshackle engine. Jim Marker, stoop shouldered and leisurely, ran the saw, while Josh Scarboro kept the engine running with slabs and sawdust. Jim would set the saw and swedge off a big slab of bark. Then he would carry it over to the opening and shout, “Look out below” and

let it drop. If Josh did not look out, he got a bump from the board, for Jim never looked to see where it was going. The slabs would pile up till they sometimes nearly buried the engine. Why the thing did not catch fire was a mystery. However, it never did. But the mill and the blacksmith shop and the churches have all disappeared long since and Lytleville remains truly a ghost town. Only the school house and a few houses remain.

Some of the natives came over and "borried" five dollars from Father, which they seldom paid back. Mother, remembering the many places she could have used the money, used to wax very indignant at Father for being so easy. But he just laughed and said that was the cheapest way to dispose of them. He had them all staved off at five dollars a head.

Our boots (not shoes) in those days had lugs on the sides to help pull them on. In the morning there was a great deal of noise in the house as we tugged at the straps and finally had to kick them against the baseboard to force our feet into them. Even at that we never had corns, nor tender feet.

They had many quaint expressions. I remember a lady named Bibey. She came over to take dinner with Mother. When Mother had poured the coffee, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Bibey. I am so sorry, but I put sugar in your coffee and I believe that you don't care for it."

"No odds; no odds," replied Mrs. Bibey heartily. "I can eat it either way."

I have heard of "eating tobacco" but never before heard of "eating coffee."

GOING TO TOWN

Bloomington was to us "town" and going to town was a great event in our lives, especially if we were going on the train in the morning. I would be so excited that I simply could not swallow my breakfast.

At noon we sometimes went into Brown & Gray's grocery and indulged in cheese and crackers. We regarded cheese and crackers as about as delectable food as any one could possibly want. Then we sometimes went to Gerken's bakery and got cakes. My! How good they tasted.

Bruce and I used to drive to town with a cord of wood. We stood on the street until some one came and bought it from us. We did not exactly sell it. They bought it. We got five dollars a cord for split hickory and some less for poorer wood. We were, I suppose, as honest as any farmers (and they claim great credit for their honesty), but we always put the round sticks in the middle where they could not be seen. And we always put the split side of a stick on the outside. That was nothing; everybody did that.

Then we peddled apples for years. We rode up and down the streets shouting, "Appuls; appuls; nice eating appuls," with the best of hucksters. The old Dutch wives used to come out and climb up on the wagon step and ask all in one word, "Howmuchcostapeck?" If it was a over a dime they did not buy. Maiden blushes, strawberry, russett, pearmain, rambo, willowtwig, sheepnose (a curious apple with a ridge near the stem), Jonathan—we raised them all.

There was a doctor named Crist on East Washington street. He had a little shack with a square boarded up front to make it look like a store. He practiced medicine some but he also sold drugs. One day a man who was very hard of hearing came in and laid down a prescription. The doctor filled it and the man asked, "How much?"

"Fifty cents," shouted the doctor.

The man misunderstood and laid down fifteen cents and started out.

"Hey," shouted the doctor, "I said fifty cents."

But the man did not hear and went on down the street. But the doctor turned to a bystander and said with a good natured grin, "Well, I made ten cents clear anyway."

Mother asked the doctor once upon a time how long it would take to cure a cold. He replied promptly, "Three weeks if you doctor with me, but twenty-one days if you don't." She didn't.

My earliest recollection is when I was just a little over two years. I can remember distinctly when Mother took me to Uncle Robert's funeral. It was up at "The Brick." I can recall the big southeast room and the coffin sitting on two trestles in the middle of the room. They had set out chairs along the wall and laid planks on them and put a quilt over them for folks to sit on. I can see the women, some of them with heavy dark veils. And they were crying, which puzzled me very much. I can also recall very clearly that Mother took me over and

lifted me up to look into the casket. It had a lid of glass extending down to his waist and I wondered where his feet were.

SCHOOL

However, starting to school was one of our first big events. I remember when I was about six, that Bruce took me and I gazed about me and several times asked him questions "out loud" much to his embarrassment.

I seem to remember the games that we played more clearly than what we studied. But we did study some, too. The games were black man, shinney, Andy over, town ball, and fox and geese when it snowed. Most of these games seemed to require a great deal of yelling and we entered into them with a zest sldom equalled since.

One teacher had a rule that we could come up to the desk and get him to pronounce hard words for us. I presume I was feeling restless, for I had paraded up several times and was getting short of words. But finally I thought I had found a new problem. So I held up my hand and went up to the teacher—Davidson. I pointed to the word IT. He glanced at me sharply and asked, "Don't you know how to pronounce that word?" I shook my head. "How do you think it should be pronounced," he asked.

I replied, "don't know if it is "it" or "ut."

The teacher glared at me. "Didn't you just come up here for an excuse to be walking?" he roared. I dumbly

nodded my head. "Well," said he. "Then you can just walk up and down that aisle until recess." Which I humbly did.

We had some nick names. Mine was "Bubbie" till I was past ten. Dell was "Susie." Bruce was "Lengthy," and Hugh was "Uncle Phillip"—so named by Seth Noble for some fancied resemblance to a man in our reader. In fact, Lucy still calls him "Phil" at times. Mary Stewart was "Sissie." Sherman Brown was called "Monkey." I never knew exactly why.

Then there was a quaint boy named Dick Lucas. He lisped a little. One day they were down at the creek and Dick saw a board. Said he, "Here is a board. Let's throw it in the water and see it phim." So, from that time on he was "Fimmer Dick."

Charlie Spaid brought so many cat fishes for his lunch that they named him "Cattie." So he was "Cattie Spaid."

There was in the neighborhood a family named Walls. There was a lot of children which they brought up as best they could. However the last was kind of overlooked as to a name, so they just called him the little one.

When he became of age, behold he had no official name, so he just adopted his baby name and as long as he lived he signed his name L. O. (Little One) Walls.

Charlie Tory, having some English in him, called Charlie Atchison "Hatch-ison." This, Gardner Powell promptly expanded into "Hatch a chicken," and as long as I knew him he was "Hatchie" or "Chicken."

One Friday we had a "spell down." Gardner Powell was lolling comfortably back against the wall with his feet pretty well out in front of him, when suddenly he sat down on the floor.

"Why, Gardner, can't you stand up?" asked the teacher (good Tina Myers, I believe.)

"I could," said Gardner, "but John Clemens kicked my feet from under me."

John was a rather unruly boy who came ffrom "town" and the directors reluctantly allowed him to come to school. Like "Town Tackies" he was a little patronizing of us "Country Jakes."

The teacher said, "John, take your seat."

So, John, with an impudent grin on his face started for his seat. But he stamped his feet just as hard as he could and made all the noise possible. When the children tittered, the teacher said, "John, go back and walk quietly."

So, this time John walked on tiptoe, but he raised his feet up in the air just as high as he could and he writhed and twisted and soon the room was in a real uproar. But the teacher took it up with the directors and they promptly expelled Mister John. They said that they did not propose to have discipline upset by an outsider. So we again became, as usual, a very decorous school.

CHARLIE MOORE'S BATH

We had for one term a disagreeable chap named Charlie Moore. He was uncouth and untidy and stupid. He lived in a shack on the banks of the creek with his father. It was said that they never made up a bed, nor washed a dish, nor cooked a real meal, nor did anything that might be called civilized. Certainly, they never took a bath, nor washed themselves or their clothes.

He sat just in front of Dick Kárr, and when the room began to warm up—why he really smelled. When I say smelled, I mean just that, for none of us were very “finicky.” We were not much given to real baths ourselves, especially “in the winter time,” as the Jew put it. Dick stood it for a while, but finally he said to Moore, “More, if you intend to stay in this school, you must wash yourself.” Of course Moore did not do it. So, the next day Dick said to him, “Moore, if you don’t wash yourself tonight I am going to run you off the place.”

Next day Charlie came and had apparently done what he thought was a wash, for he had a clean space on his neck just above the collar. But he exuded odor, just as bad as ever. This did not suit Dick, so he gave Charlie some more definite instructions as to what a bath consisted of and he added a lot more threats as to what he would do if Charlie did not do it.

But next day Charlie showed no improvement.

So at recess Dick said to him, “Moore, you know what I told you. Now I am going to give you a real scrubbing.” So, he went calmly and got a big bucket. Then he walked over to the pump and, followed by all the

boys, he pumped it full of water. Charlie was standing aside, looking pretty uneasy.

Then Dick swished the broom around in the bucket and, whirling suddenly he roared: "Now, darn you, GIT," and he made a rush for Charlie.

Charlie gave one startled glance and away he went just like a deer. I am prepared to swear that he cleared a five board fence without touching it and down through the woods he ran like a wild man. Dick was just behind him with the broom upraised and all of us tagging along behind, yelling like Indians. The last we saw of Charlie was when he disappeared over the bluff at the creek, still going like a whirlwind. So we all came back triumphant and Dick was a hero for a time. But Charlie never showed his face again in the school, much to our relief.

We had many good and capable teachers, but one stands out in my memory beyond all the others: Tina Hadley, afterwards Mrs. John Myers. She brought with her teaching a kind of motherly interest in all her pupils. She never had any trouble maintaining discipline. We all adored her and all she had to do was to express a wish and we were glad to do her bidding. She was wise, patient, sympathetic and enthusiastic. Peace to her memory.

Another teacher who made a lasting impression on me and had much to do with the shaping of my life was Brent Hollopeter who came from Indiana. He just radiated enthusiasm and energy. He was apparently as

interested in each one of us as if we had been his own children. He inspired us to do our utmost. He even got up classes in botany and chemistry. He was also a natural born actor. So under his tutelage we got up a dramatic company and we even stormed Heyworth and gave a show—three sketches, in all of which he was naturally the star, and a good one. After he left us he entered the ministry and became one of the most important Methodists in Indiana. He was a remarkable man in every respect.

MR. BENTLEY'S BATH

Once upon a time, my Aunt Lizzie came to spend the day and she brought John, who was just beginning to creep around. We had a kind of boarder a Mr. Bentley, an Irishman who had been a tailor. He had a little money and he just saddled himself onto our folks. But he fitted in pretty well with the family, so they just let him stay on. His pet aversion was Louis Eyatica, our hired man—a German who had been in the Prussian army.

Louis was a hard boiled man, but a good worker. Father had always had one pet ambition—that was to have his boys learn to speak German. So Louis was partly engaged to work and partly to teach us to speak German. I think Mr. Bentley and Louis were just a little jealous of each other.

One time Mr. Bentley hurt his nose in some way. When Louis came into the room he looked at Mr. Bentley and said, "Vy by golly Mr. Bentley, how did you come to

make your nose to peautiful?"

Mr. Bentley glared at him and replied: "Och; How do you suppose? I fell down and stepped on it."

I was Louis' pet aversion for I did not take kindly to the German language, while Bruce seemed to learn it very easily. Louis called me "Dot Bobe," meaning "Bubby."

One day I asked him how to say "What is that and what is this" in German. He blurted out what sounded to me like "Tosh tosh und tosh tish." "Vas iss das and vas iss diss." So, for several days I went around saying "Tosh tosh and tosh tish." When Bruce heard me and found out what I was trying to say, his sarcasm knew no bounds, and I did not hear the last of it for some days. He "razzed" me, as we say nowadays, most unmercifully.

Well, to resume, Aunt Lizzie and Mother went into the front room while John crawled around here and there.

Out in the kitchen was a pantry and in the pantry there was a cistern witha trap just big enough for a man to get down into the cistern. As the two women chatted, Aunt Lizzie suddenly sprang to her feet. "Where is John!" she exclaimed. They both rushed into the kitchen and seeing the trap open they peered down into the cistern and to their utter horror they saw John, partly submerged but partly afloat, held up by his clothes. They both began to scream and Mr. Bentley, who happened to be out in the yard, ran in and on learning what had happened, he just jumped right into the cistern, clothes,

boots and all. A very corageous thing to do I think. The water came up to his waist and was pretty cold. But he gathered John up and by reaching down they managed to get him out.

Aunt Lizzie immediately ran with John into the front room to see if he was still alive. Well, he was as far as that goes.

But poor Mr. Bentley commenced to shout: "Fer the Lard's sake, git me out of this."

Mother ran out to the woodshed and found a cleat ladder. That is, it was a narrow plank with cleats nailed across every so often. But when she brought it into the house, she found that some of the cleats were too long to go through the trap. So she had to run back to the shed and find a saw and saw some of them off before she could let it down. So the poor man was thoroughly chilled before he got out from his lifesaving expedition. But they wrapped him up in warm blankets and gave him a hot toddy and neither he nor John seemed a bit worse for their very thrilling experience. But after that Mr. Bentley was welcome as long as he wanted to stay.

A NEAR TRAGEDY

One afternoon I was working around in the yard at home when I heard violent screaming down over the brow of the hill at the Branch. Mother, Dell, Lucy and the hired girl had gone to town in the spring wagon. They had for a team Charlie, a quiet flee bitten gray, and "Old Net." I suppose she was christened Nettie. "Old Net" was a red mare, blind as a bat and sometimes balky. But she was strong and healthy and we sometimes got a good deal of work out of her.

It seems as they were coming down the hill west of the Branch that the hold backs were very poor. In fact, I doubt if there were any, for we often failed to put them on and just let the horses pull back in their collars ("Stewart fashion" some folks said). So, when Dell, who was driving, tried to hold the team back, Net got to bulging sidewise. By the time they got to the bridge, she was clear out of the track. The bridge was about four feet above the water and very loosely constructed. It had no railing.

When Net got to the bridge, in spite of Dell's desperate tugging at the bit, she blundered onto the bridge with two of her side feet striking the planks, but the other two were just out in the air. So she plunged headlong right into the water and mud.

But Lady Luck seemed to have favored them for the heavy breaststrap just happened to slip between the heavy planks and the neckyoke rammed into the wood and thus kept the tongue and whole spring wagon from

following her into the stream.

I ran just as fast as I could.

When I got there, Dell was standing at Charlie's head, holding onto his bit, and saying "Ho Charlie. Ho, Charlie." Charlie was dancing up and down pretty nervous, but he could not have run if he had tried.

Mother and the girls were still sitting in their seats, apparently paralyzed with fear, just screaming. Net was lying on her back in the mud with her head held up by the breaststrap and collar, wheezing like a porpoise and nearly choking to death.

As soon as I got there I hustled the women out of the wagon. Then I unhooked Charlie. Then by some hard kicking I managed to kick the neck yoke over to the ends of the planks and "Ole Net" fell back into the mud with a great splash and with some guidance she managed to find her way to the bank, all of a tremble and covered with mud, but really unhurt.

Neither were the girls hurt at all. So we again hitched up and got in and drove home just as if nothing much had happened. In fact, I think we took it all as only part of the ordinary day's work.

A REAL TRAGEDY

It was a pleasant Sunday noon and we had just finished our dinner and were sitting at the table, chatting. Father stuck his long legs out and fished out his goose quill toothpick and leaned back and waxed sentimental. "What a beautiful world we live in" quoth he. "How peaceful it is; how much brotherly kindness we see all round us. What a pleasant neighborhood we live in!"

"Listen," shouted Bruce, "What was that?" For, just then we heard a horse's feet thundering over the creek bridge and up the hill we saw a hatless boy, larruping his horse, which was all lathered with foam. The boy turned out to be George Stringfield. He was so excited he could hardly speak. But he shouted, "Doctor Stewart, Doctor Stewart! Come quick! Come quick!"

"Where?" asked Father.

"Over to Mr. Mason's," replied George. "Lee Smith has just shot Mr. Mason and we are afraid he will die. Take my horse and go at once."

"No," replied Father. "Your horse is clear winded. Bruce, go and hitch up Daisy and we will be over there quicker than you could realize." Daisy was our swift footed gray mare. She had a little racing blood in her and she could cover the ground. So, while Father gathered his surgical instruments together, Bruce was hitching up Daisy. Father had about quit practicing, but he still had his instruments—beautiful morocco cases all full of shining probes and lancets.

So they were soon on their way, while we waited in

breathless suspense to hear what had happened at Mr. Mason's.

It seems that Lee (who was something of a weakling and sometimes got drunk) had been working for Mr. Mason (or the squire as we mostly called him) and had taken a fancy to one of the girls and tried to make up with her. But she did not like him one bit and she finally went to her father and complained about his trying to get familiar.

So, Mr. Mason in his grim way paid Lee off and told him to get off the place and never set foot on it again.

This was a great offense in Lee's eyes for he had been a soldier and he regarded himself as good as anybody. So, he brooded over it for a few days. Then he went to town and got drunk and bought himself a pistol. Next day at Sparta Church where they had all gone, Mr. Mason was just coming out after the services. Lee, in the meantime, had been lurking around outside and when Mr. Mason appeared in the doorway, Lee banged away, right for Mr. Mason's heart. Fortunately, just as he fired Mr. Mason was turning. So the bullet, instead of reaching his heart, went into his left shoulder.

When they got there they found Mr. Mason lying on a couch, pretty bloody, but perfectly calm and quiet.

Bruce said that he never before realized what a muscular man Mr. Mason was. He said that his back just literally rippled with muscles.

Father fumbled around awhile and finally said, "Squire, that bullet went nearly through your shoulder. I can feel it from the back. It will hurt like the dickens

to probe, so I suggest that I just cut down into your back and take it out that way."

"Go ahead," said the Squire.

Father did not have a bit of anesthetic, so he said, "This is a rather unusual occasion, Squire. You are at liberty to holler all you want to."

"I don't think I will holler," replied the Squire, "but I would like to have a chew of tobacco." So Bruce said, he set his teeth into that and he never whimpered, nor flinched while Father cut down and took the bullet out.

He recovered rapidly and was soon as vigorous as ever. There was some intemperate talk about lynching Lee, but what they did do was to take him to jail and he was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years. But Joe Fifer afterwards made a plea for him, mostly because he had been a soldier, and he was finally released. He went back to his home on the banks of the Kickapoo and so far I know never drank any more, and finally died of old age.

A VALUABLE SON

There used to be a family named Blue. They lived "up the creek a piece." They were a sort of rough and tumble family.

One day Mr. Blue went to the woods to trim up some trees. His little boy was playing around, getting in the way at times as little boys will do. Mr. Blue took his ax and struck at an overhanging limb. But the ax glanced and coming down, it struck the boy a glancing blow on

the head. It stunned him and he fell at his father's feet and lay motionless. Mr. Blue believed that he had killed him.

He looked at his boy for a minute. Then he spat out his "chaw," wiped his mouth and said to a neighbor in all seriousness, "By Jing; I wouldn't have did that fer the best cow on the place."

And he meant it, too.

THEM CHINAMEN

"Clark," said Alfred Wilsher to me one day. "I went to town the other day and I seen them Chinamen." Alfred worked for us. He came from the "mauntins." He could just spell a little. He used to lie on his back on the work bench after dinner and whisper to himself as he read the letters and tried to make them into words.

"Did you?" I replied.

"Yes," said he. "Say Clark, can they talk?" was his next remark.

"Why yes. I think they can. But they don't speak the same language that we do," I replied.

"Well, I watched them for quite a spell and they never said nothin'. I thought maybe they couldn't talk at all," said he.

Then he worked on for a while and he asked, "Are they men and women like we are?"

"Well they all had dresses on and they all had long har and I lowed maybe they was only one kind."

"No," I replied again. "They are just as human as

we are.”

Evidently he milled this around in his mind, for after awhile he suddenly asked, “How do they git hyar Clark?”

“Who?” said I. For I had forgotten what he had been speaking of.

“Why them Chinamen,” said he.

“They probably came over in ships,” said I.

“But,” said he. “I thought that they lived daown in the graound.”

He had doubtless heard folks point down and say that China was down that way. So he inferred that they probably crawled up through holes, from down in the earth.

He soon learned, for the first time, a little about geography, the roundness of the earth and some rudiments of astronomy. And he was a voter, too.

THE BEE TREE FEUD

“Hey Doc. Come out here,” shouted a familiar voice from the road one day. Father reluctantly pulled on his boots and obediently came out. John Jones was sitting on his horse calmly chewing a straw.

“Say Doc,” said he again, when Father had come up to him, “I was just over in the timber acrost the crick and a found a big linn tree and up in the branches I found a big swarm of bees. When them bees have made enough honey I’ll come and cut it for you. But I’ll give you some

of the honey," he added magnaminously.

"Thanks," said Father. Jones had a big black beard and was an impressive looking man who "called" for dances with great dignity at times.

Some days after this, Sam Hair came up and said. "Doctor Stewart, I was roaming around down in the timber and I come onto a linn tree and blame me if I didn't find a big hive of bees up in a limb. Now I claim that tree for mine, for I put my initials on the bark and that makes it legal you know."

"Was it on my land?" asked Father.

"Why yes. But that don't make no difference you know," Sam answered cheerfully. "The honey is mine by the right of discovery."

Some days after that Bill Shepherd met Father and said, "Doctor Stewart, I have a bee tree down in your timber that I want to cut pretty soon."

"Is it a linn," asked Father. "Yep," said Shepherd.

"But," said Father, "John Jones and Sam Hair both have told me that that tree belongs to them and Sam says he put his initials on the bark."

"There wa'nt no initials on the bark at all when I put mine on and don't you think for a minute that I propose to let anybody else have that honey," said Shepherd with great emphasis.

This was all very disturbing to Father. But he wanted to keep peace in the neighborhood if he could.

Some day after this the three met at the Station and Same challenged Jones about his claim on the tree.

"I sure claim that tree," said Jones.

"You can claim till you are blue in the face," said Sam. "But that don't give you the least right to that honey. That's my honey I tell you!"

"Here, here!" interposed Shepherd. "They ain't no way to settle that but the legal way and the evidence is in my initials on the bark. Sam your initials were not there anywheres. You ain't got no claim, nor either you —John Jones."

"Well," shouted Jones, "you can say that, but I have pretty good fists that are ready to back up my claim."

"Fists be blowed," retorted Sam. "You fellers can fight it out if you want to. I will use my energy by going over and cutting the tree and what I don't take, you can have and welcome."

"Don't let me catch you in that timber a moneyin' with that tree. If I do, I will show whether fists are a good argument," shouted Jones.

"Well, I'll show you," shouted Shepherd.

"And I'll show you both, cried Sam.

Then they all began talking at once, till some of the neighbors interposed and got them to go home. But each was vowing to beat the others to it and cut the tree first.

When this report reached Father he got desperate.

"Little Woman," said he to Mother. (His favorite name for her was Little Woman). "I don't know what to do. Hadn't I better just go and cut the tree myself, even if I have to divide the honey with the three?"

"Now Archie," replied Mother calmly, "You must not do that. They will think you have taken advantage and might claim that you got more than your share."

"But," said Father, "that **is** my tree and that is my honey. There isn't any law about bee trees."

"That may be true," said Mother. "But you know how much worked up they all are. You will come in for their lasting ill will if you do."

"Dear. Dear. Dear!" cried Father. "What shall I do?"

"Don't do anything," replied Mother.

But that very afternoon there came up a big thunder gust. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the wind blew in great gusts. After a big flash of lightning they heard a tree fall over across the creek. So, at the risk of getting wet, they hurried over. When they came in sight Hugh shouted, "Why Father, that is the big linn."

"Law; law," said Father. "Let's get the honey before it all runs away. Then we can settle some way with the claimers."

But when they got up to the big limb, they found it split open and they eagerly looked all about for honey. But there did not seem to be any.

"Where is the honey?" cried Hugh.

"Yes, and where are the bees?" cried Father.

"Look! Look!" shouted Father. "What are those things crawling all about?"

"Why, they are black ants," said Hugh.

Father broke into a great laugh. "Well, well," said he, "Three very good friends quarreling about who gets a colony of black ants, and us getting all wrought up over who owned them."

"Well Old Lady Nature had beat them to it and

solved the problem.

"Let's go back home and we will do without honey and put syrup on our buckwheat cakes for a while, said Father.

CHANGING THE RAILROAD STATION

Randolph was first called Cob Pile and it was located two miles north of its present site, at the township line. It consisted of a short board platform and a switch. Before that it had been called Fielder's Crossing, while the next road was called Karr's Crossing. Then came Houser's Crossing, and finally Passwater's Crossing.

But at Karr's Crossing some time before there was a post office established under the name of Randolph. Tom Noble was the first postmaster. He had his office over on Whig Row and for some time it was located in the smoke house.

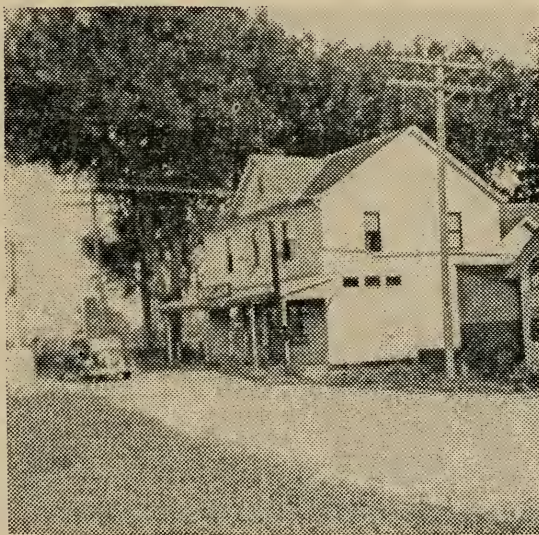
The enterprising neighbors finally cajoled the Illinois Central to move the site down to Karr's Crossing. This they agreed to do, providing the neighbors would build the levee to put the switch on. I remember that Bruce, with a lot of other boys, worked many days hauling dirt. Then the company sent a big flat car and they just hoisted the station house (which had been built) bodily and set it onto the car. It must have been quite a feat as the house was at least eighteen feet wide. But they hauled it down to its new site and set it on wooden posts as easy as you could imagine.

Soon after that Captain Dill came from Heyworth and built the first (and only) grocery store. It was

boarded up and down and perhaps pretty crude. But it was a store and we were thrilled very much to see it come into the neighborhood.

When Jim Elder lived in it, the building caught fire and burned up and Mr. Elder built the present building.

A short time ago, Dr. VanDervoort of Los Angeles, just for a joke addressed a letter to Hugh A. Stewart, Cob Pile, Illinois and the letter was promptly sent to Randolph although that name had been obsolete for seventy years, they still had kept the name on their files.



“Randolph Is The Place”

We had a male quartet once on a time too. We had a song we sang about Randolph on a few occasions, with great success in Randolph. It was not quite so popular in Heyworth or Lytleville. It was a parody on "The Bull Dog on the Bank." (The reference in the third verse was that Henry Spaid was digging a well at Randolph and Mr. Houser came along and not seeing the hole stumbled right into it. Poor Henry was stooping down and Mr. Houser landed a straddle of his neck, nearly suffocating him. Fortunately, neither was much hurt).

Down in Randolph you will find
Ladies fair and men refined.
For Randolph sets the place
And Randolph sets the pace.
R-A-N-D-O-L-P-H—
Randolph is the place.

In the city at the train
They can tell a Heyworth man,
If he's too drunk to know
To know where he wants to go,
They know he's a Heyworth man.

Mister Houser on the bank,
Henry Spaid down in the well.
So far he dropped
Before he stopped,
He thought he was in—China.

Down in Lytleville they say
That to pass the time away,
They sleep all night,
'Til broad daylight
And then—they sleep all day.

For Randolph is the place
And Randolph sets the pace.
R—A—N—D—O—L—P—H—
RANDOLPH IS THE PLACE.

A CLOSE SQUEAK

One day Father and Hugh drove a fractious team of colts over to Randolph. We usually called it The Station. Hugh was sitting up on the high seat on the front of the wagon bed with his feet on the dash board. Father had gone into the store. Suddenly an engine blew off steam. This startled the colts and before Hugh could gather up the lines they made a rush down along the right of way. Hugh hastily gathered up the lines, but he could not hold them and away they went, helter skelter.

However, the tugs were much too long (Stewart fashion) and in one of their frantic leaps, they jerked the neckyoke off the end of the tongue. The tongue dropped down and ran into the soft dirt and that brought the team up standing in no time. But Hugh, when the jerk came, pitched forward head first, turned a somersault right down between those restless, excited horses' legs and

landed flat on his back right under one of their bellies.

Father, hearing the commotion, ran outside and seeing Hugh, lying under the team shouted, "Get out of there! Get out of there!"

"I can't," said Hugh.

"Why not?," cried Father.

"Because the horse is standing on my overcoat collar," replied Hugh.

"Well, can't you crawl out of your coat?" anxiously said Father.

And acting on the suggestion Hugh did just that. He wriggled out of his coat and got to his feet just before the horse began to prance up and down and trampled all over that coat which was still lying under him.

"A close squeak" was Father's only comment.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR

Our father was a doctor. But we were something like the proverbial shoemaker's children. We never went to him for splinters or cuts. We just pulled them out and tied up the cuts.

One summer I got what we called a stone bruise on my heel. It developed into a running sore. Finally a yellow spot appeared in my heel. So I went and got Father's lancet and cut down and got out quite a bit of matter. A week later I found another one and opened that. Meanwhile walking on my toes day by day. This kept on for several weeks. But finally dried up. Then

it began to turn white and finally got lose and after a time I got it off and there was a piece of hide, over an inch square and in it were eight holes, where I had lanced it. I carried it around in my pocket for a while, proudly showing it to the boys.

Father did not practice medicine very long after he left the army. He got into politics and was elected to the State Legislature. So by the time his term expired, he quit the profession and only did a little now and then to help out his neighbors. I do not think he ever really liked the profession. I have a notion, that he held it in some contempt. Certainly he held in contempt some of its disciples. After hearing of some case of flagrant cupidity, or stupidity, or ignorance, he would say to us confidentially "My sons. There never was but one really honest doctor and he quit practicing right after the war."

One time a neighbor sent for him to come over near Lytleville to see his son. The boy was pretty sick and they feared it was scarlet fever. Sure enough, when Father got there and looked him over, he had a high fever and was all speckled over with red spots. So, Father was just about to pronounce it scarlet fever and quarantine the family and fumigate, when a neighbor woman came in. She walked up to the bed and she looked at the boy and she said calmly, "Mercy me, Doctor Steward, did you ever see a worse case of bold hives?"

Father caught himself just in time and he hastily ran over in his memory his medical teachings: **BOLD**

HIVES; symptoms much like scarlet fever, but not contagious and not dangerous." So he gravely replied, "Yes, Mrs. Rutledge, I was just noticing."

So Father "saved his face" and the boy got well pretty much of his own accord.

Down on the banks of Little Kickapoo lived a family named Rippito. The man was a fair average, but the woman was a real termagant—arrogant, loud-mouthed and quarrelsome. One day she got pretty sick and they sent for Father. When he got there he found her in a good deal of pain, so he gave her a dose of chloroform. Pretty soon, when she felt herself sinking, she exclaimed, "I'm a dyin'; I'm dyin'; and I want you to all bear witness that Doctor Stewart killed me."

Father said that he laughed about it afterwards, but he did not laugh then. For the family all began to cry and they locked the door and told Father in no uncertain term what they would do to him if she did die. He put as calm and confident a face on it as he could and after while she did revive. But he said that her whole attitude, instead of being that of gratitude, seemed to be one of disappointment, because she not been able to get Father into trouble.

One time, Father was sent for to come and see a little boy named Guy, who had a hacking cough. He was his mothers only son and I presume was pretty much coddled. So they gave him some soothing sirup which had sugar in it and was pretty palatable.

In a few days the anxious mother again sent for Father and the cough seemed no better, but Guy was taking regularly the soothing sirup. A third time they sent for Father. Father sized the situation up pretty keenly and finally said very gravely "Well; there is only one thing left for us to do. I hate like everything to have to do it, but can see no other remedy. Take this poker and put it down in the coals and keep it red hot. Then the next time he coughs you will just have to take it and bore a hole right down through his foot."

Guy looked very startled, as Father gravely and impressively stalked out. But it proved a good remedy. Guy never coughed again.

I also had an interesting tooth experience.

When I was a boy I had a bad toothache. I remember that Father, who was running for the Legislature was in a hurry to catch a train. He looked at the tooth and exclaimed, "My! My! That tooth is nothing but a shell. I guess I may as well just pull it at once."

So he took me into the bedroom and sat me down in the best light he could get and shoved my head back and grabbed the tooth with his big forceps. However, just as he caught hold I jerked my head sidewise, and he got a grip on the next one—a big molar. When he began to pull I began to scream, you may be sure. But he hung on and finally out came the tooth.

Father went to the light and looked at it. "By George," he exclaimed with dismay in his voice.

"Archie, what have you done?" cried Mother.

"I pulled the wrong tooth," said Father, sounding like he wanted to cry. "I wish some one would kick me," he added fervently.

I would not go so far as to say that I would have done that gladly. But we went into the sitting room by the big fireplace and Father just threw the tooth down in the ashes.

Mother stood a minute looking thoughtful. "Don't you think it might be put back?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Father. "Still I have heard of it being done."

"Well," said Mother, "why not try it?"

So, I remember they got down on their knees and raked it out of the ashes and he pushed it back, firmly in the still bleeding gums, and finally it grew firm and for years it was my best biting tooth.

THE ABDUCTION OF JESSIE

We had a neighbor—I will call him Mr. Neighbor—a worthy citizen. He came from Kentucky, I believe, with his wife. In the course of time four sons were born, but no daughter. So, when the boys were getting into their adolescence, they cast around to find a girl to adopt. They finally found a likely one in Heyworth. Her name was Louise Varney. Her father had been a painter, I believe, but he was dead. She was about eight years old at that time. So, they legally adopted her and named her Jessie. She seemed to fit into the family and the neighborhood pretty well. She went to school and to

Sunday School and took part in the activities of the neighborhood and was a good average girl.

But the Neighbors were hard working, provident people and they lived as most folks did at that time in a rather primitive fashion and they saved and denied themselves. Mrs. Neighbor always seemed to me to be a very kindly disposed woman. But she was very energetic. They said that her favorite expression was, "Make haste! Make haste!"

I believe that Mr. Neighbor whipped Jessie once or twice. Possibly she deserved it. Anyway, she got discontented and believed that she was discriminated against. So, after some years she went and complained to her sister and brother-in-law, Sam Thomas. They lived over in the next township. When he heard her story, he got very much wrought up over it. He was a good citizen, too, but very strong in his likes and dislikes. Perhaps a trifle bumptious.

So, one Sunday he took his wife and drove over to Neighbors. I believe they stayed for dinner. But after dinner, when they got ready to leave they asked Jessie if she would like to ride along a little way. Whether she had any idea of their plan I do not know, but when they got out of sight of the house, they just kept on driving. They went on to their home in the next township and they kept her there.

In a few days Mr. Neighbor drove up and went to the house and knocked. When they opened the door, he said, "I came to get my girl and I want to know why you took her."

Mr. Thomas replied, "We took her because you were not treating her right and she is not going back."

"We will see about that," said Mr. Neighbor.

So he went and put his case in Joe Fifer's hands. Mr. Fifer summonsed Mr. Thomas and he went in and he defied Mr. Fifer and the Court, too, and again asserted that she was not going back, as he intended to keep her. So, Mr. Fifer swore out a warrant for Thomas' arrest on the charge of abduction.

Abe Welsh happened to be at the house when the deputy came with the warrant.

Said Abe Welsh, in recounting the incident: "The deppity he come up and he says, 'I summons you Samuel Thomas to appear before the Court of McLean County and show cause why you should not be arrested for the abduction of one certain Jessie Neighbor, daughter of one certain Michel Neighbor, of the County of McLean and the State of Illinois.'

"Well—Thomas he just rared up and said he wouldn't do no such thing. But I says, 'Sam, don't be a blame fool. This is the LAW. You can't defy the law.' But Sam he commenced to argue some more. Finally the deppity says, 'Thomas, I have heard about all I care to hear from you. You just have to come along.'

"So Sam he says, 'All right, Mr. Deppity. Go back to town and tell the judge that I will be in directly.'

"'No,' says the deppity, 'you can't do that. My duty is to take you back with me myself.' But Sam he argued some more, till finally the deppity says, 'Mr. Thomas, if you don't get into that buggy right away, blow me if I

don't knock you down and put the hand cuffs on you and take you by force.'

"Then I spoke up again and I says, 'Sam, don't be a blame (only Mr. Welsh used a stronger word) fool. If you don't get into that rig right away blow me if I don't help him do it.'

" 'Will you go on my bond?' asked Sam.

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I'll do that' ."

So they took Thomas to town and he was let out on bond. When the case came to trial before Judge Tipton, they had a jury. During the trial, my sister Dell was called to testify. The attorney asked Dell if she ever knew of Jessie being whipped.

Dell replied, "Well, I have been whipped myself."

"Didn't it do you some harm?" asked the attorney.

"Anyway," said Dell, "It didn't stunt my growth."

This caused a titter in the court room.

At the noon recess, Mr. Neighbor asked the judge if he might take Jessie to dinner with him. "Certainly you can replied the judge. But when he took Jessie by the arm, Thomas grabbed the other one and refused to let go. Mr. Neighbor rushed to Fifer. Fifer went to the judge and told him what had happened and said, "Didn't you say that Mr. Neighbor could take Jessie to dinner?"

"Certainly I did," replied the judge.

But when they went back and told Thomas what the judge had said, he still refused to let her go. So Fifer ran after the judge, who was just leaving the building. The judge went up to Thomas and said pretty sternly, "Thomas, if you don't let go of that girl's arm this minute,

I'll lock you up for contempt of Court."

And Abe Welsh said to him, "Sam, I hope to the Lord that he does lock you up, you blame fool."

So the case finally went to the jury and in spite of Thomas' attorney's pleas, they gave him a year in the penitentiary, I believe, and a thousand dollar fine. Afterwards, however, they asked for a new trial and I believe that the penitentiary part was cancelled.

So, at last Jessie went back to her adopted parents and lived with them until she was eighteen and left them—I believe with fairly pleasant relations for the remainder of her stay.

Drinking was very common in those days—same as it seems to be now.

We had a neighbor, Mart B. He was a good citizen and meant well and raised a good family. But in the course of time he got to drinking. He went from bad to worse and finally they had to get a conservator appointed for him. George Freeman was chosen to handle his business for him and keep him from squandering it. So, Mr. Freeman took him in his buggy and they went to town and got the matters all settled.

On the way home, Mart got to lamenting: "Look at me," he cried; "A man of affairs—a tax payer—a father of a family—obliged to look to a stranger for even the price of a drink—I am a failure—I am a disgrace—I just wish I was dead, so I do: Yes, by gosh, if I had a knife, blow me if I wouldn't kill myself right now."

Mr. Freeman did not say a word. But he reached into his pocket and pulled out a great knife (we called them frog stickers) and he opened the big blade and calmly handed it to Mart. Mart took it. Hefted it and sat looking at it quite a while. But finally he handed it back remarking. "That is a right hefty knife you got there, George."

Freeman had bluffed him and settled his desire to kill himself.

One night, away after midnight, Nick Brandicon, my brother-in-law, heard a voice out in the road calling, "Hey there; Hey there!"

Nick raised the window and asked what was wanted.

A rather thick voice, which he recognized as the voice of Clem P. replied. "Clemmie" was in the habit of going to town and getting pretty "pickled" once in a while. He said "Would you please be so kind as to direct me to Randolph Township."

"Why," shouted Nick, "Mr. P., you are right in the center of it."

"Well, well," said Mr. P. "I 'lowed that I was lost and that if I could just get to Randolph Township my horse might find his way home. Thankee. Thankee." And he rode off to near Lytleville where he lived.

Jack Savary was a man who lived in the neighborhood for years. He was a quiet, well spoken man. He had been a school teacher, I believe, once in his life. He also played the fiddle very well and played often for the country dances. Clyde Myers and I used to "chord" for him on the guitar. We did not play the guitar. We chorded. I can see him, in my mind yet as he sat "scrooged" down in his chair, his fiddle resting pretty much in the crook of his arm as he scraped away with all his might. When it came to a change in key, he would turn his bright twinkling eyes in our direction and shout C or D or G, so we could keep with him in the same key.

But he had a curious habit of going on a spree once in a while. Sometimes they were a year apart.

I remember once, when I had asked Nute Bishop to take me home from Bloomington in the afternoon. Nute replied, "Certainly, but I want to pick up Jack Savary first."

Jack had been working for Nute, but he quit right in the middle of the harvest, because that urge had gotten him and he had gone to town to go on a spree.

We found him in a saloon on South Main Street—quiet, good natured. I could hardly realize that he was drunk. Nute scolded and coaxed and finally Jack reluctantly got in the buggy with us and we started down Main Street. But when we got across the tracks and were going up the hill, Jack suddenly shouted, “Whoa! Whoa!”

“What is the matter, Jack?” asked Nute.

Jack replied, “Let me out. Let me out. Blank! Blank! I am going back.”

“What for?” asked Nute.

“Well, I ain’t just got my drunk out yet,” replied Jack and in spite of Nute’s begging him to go home, he replied “I wouldn’t be worth a cuss to you any how, so I am going back.”

And back he went to finish his spree, much to Nute’s disgust.

UP AT THE BRICK

Just before Uncle Robert died he built a house on his farm. It was a stately building, red brick, nearly three stories high, with long sloping roofs and a serrated edged face board. It stood on a hill looking down the valley, but was much isolated away over near the creek and surrounded by timber.

Down in the cellar was a well—right in the middle of the house. We used to go down into that dark damp

room and let the bucket down and get a drink. But I was always a little bit frightened when the bucket splashed away down in the bottom and came up dripping and we had to feel our way to find the door.

Many memories cluster around the place, for we were all cousins and grew up together. There was many a social party, and some old fashioned square dances where they put the string band in the center of the house and had three "sets," one in each of the large rooms, all going at once.

"Bee" was a natural born fiddler and a good one. John fiddled some too.

We were sometimes allowed to go up and stay all night. Once on a time, when Jim Creswell was courting Lizzie Rowland, Dell went to stay all night with Mary. I do not know just what made it necessary, but Aunt Lizzie put Dell in the northwest room to sleep by herself. Jim had been sleeping there sometimes and Aunt Lizzie put a note on the door, telling him to sleep somewhere else. But, unfortunately Jim, being perhaps pretty sleepy, failed to see the note.

Next morning at breakfast Aunt Lizzie asked Jim if he saw the note she had left him.

"What note," asked Jim, looking surprised.

"Good land," shouted Aunt Lizzie. "James Creswell, where did you sleep last night?"

"In the northwest room," replied Jim. "Why do you ask?"

"Didn't you know that Dell was sleeping in that

room?" Aunt Lizzie shouted.

"Well, by George," said Jim looking very much surprised. "I wondered what Ed was doing with a ribbon in his hair."

My Mother had a "way" with her. She was very sympathetic and took a vital interest in the welfare of other people. Folks just naturally confided in her, feeling perhaps that even if they had done wrong that they would find in Mother a charitable construction put on their misdeeds. She seemed absolutely unselfish and she always put everybody else's burdens before her own. She was not especially religious, but she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church at Heyworth and she went whenever it was possible. On Sunday mornings she used to always read some in the Bible. I can see her now, as she went about her work, reading some—then laying the book down—then picking it up and reading again.

She was the originator of some rather clever adages (original as far as I know). One was, after she had read in the Old Testament about some of those old worthies (and unworthies) with their vicious and bloody deeds, she would say, "Well, human nature hasn't changed any in two thousand years." Which, in spite of some optimistic well wishers, I am inclined to think is absolutely true.

Another remark she was fond of making was, when she came home from church she would say, "Well the preacher left the subject—right where he found it." Then she would add, "They insist on our coming to Church and after we get there—WHAT DO THEY GIVE US? Mostly

platitudes and pleas for money."

Sometimes after she had heard or read some frothy, intemperate comments about religion she would say, "Truly, some of the Bible's worst enemies are its defenders."

Grandmother, Father's mother, was a fine type of the sturdy Scotch. She really was very well informed and read a great deal. And like people of her kind she remembered.

We had a teacher named Johnson who boarded with us one year. It was his first school and he was right out of Normal, full of ideas about imparting knowledge to the benighted. One evening Grandmother asked him what he was reading.

He replied rather kindly, "This is a book called Shakespeare. Perhaps you never heard of him, but he was one of the great writers. I will read you some of it. It is a drama called King Lear." After he had read a couple of pages with suitable voice inflections and hand waving, he paused and said, "That is the general trend of it. Do you like it?"

Grandmother, without a smile, took up the theme from where he had stopped and proceeded to quote from memory a couple more pages, taking it up right where he had left off. Then she quietly remarked, "Yes, I have heard of him and I like it."

BRIDGET

Bridget was a "character." She sometimes came over and did days' work for "Aunt Emmie" as she called Mother. Energetic, enthusiastic, garrulous and nervous, her high strident voice filled the house from morning until evening as she regaled us with tales, mostly about her neighbors.

Once she came over telling about two "min" who had come over to her house from a home where they were boarding. They said that their landlord was drunk and fighting with his wife and they asked that she would take them in for a time. Said she, "Them min come into my parlor and they lit their pipes and they histed their feet onto the table and they looked at each other and said, 'Thank God; this Heaven and not Hell' ."

She came one day full of enthusiasm about the beautiful "posies" that grew all along the railroad track. "Oh, Aunt Emmie, you should see thim. They are the purtiest flowers, all yellow and green and so thick all along."

Mother made several guesses as to what they might be.

But Bridget said, "Niver mind, Aunt Emmie. Nixt time I come, sure I'll bring you a bouquet of thim for you and you can see for yourself and put them in the parlor."

So, in a few days, sure enough, here came Bridget with a big paper full of something. But when she opened them Mother exclaimed, "Why Bridget, those are only dog fennel. We call them weeds and they smell bad and our back yard is full of them right now."

So poor Bridget was much crestfallen at the reception of her posies and we joked her for some time about them.

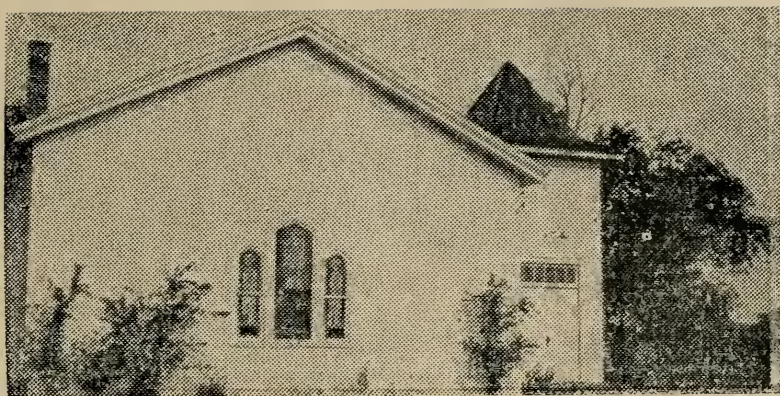
Another time she told about the "purtiest" cat that had been killed by the train. "It was just lyin' there, so still that I thought it was just asleep. But whin I poked it with my foot it smelled. Oh, it just smelled like burnt flannen."

Mother asked a little more as to its looks and she said, "It didn't exactly look like a cat and it had two stripes running along its back." A skunk undoubtedly.

She told Mother with much enthusiasm about her trying to buy some "caliker" from Mr. Plumley who had a dry goods store in Heyworth. She wanted to get a bargain, so when he showed her some she exclaimed, "Ah; Yis, Mr. Plumley. You are too high on that. Sure Mrs. Doctor Stewart told me that she bought that same kind for a cint less."

"But Bridget," Mother expostulated, "I never bought any calico like that at a reduction."

"Oh; Yis, I know," said Bridget, "but I just tuck off a cint."



WESLEY CHAPEL

SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School was a big event in our youthful lives—over at Wesley Chapel on Whig Row. It was a union church for a long time and was paid for by Methodists, Campbellites and Unitarians mostly.

Father was my first superintendent. He was a good one. I can remember him as he strode up and down the aisle leading the singing with great enthusiasm, nodding his head, slapping one hand into the palm of the other and saying, "Sing boys, sing."

He was not considered any too orthodox in those days and some of the good sisters raised their eyebrows and asked what the world was coming to when they had to have Doctor Stewart for a superintendent. But as time has wrought changes in the view of what does constitute Christianity, I am sure that he would be counted as a very

devout man.

John Crookshank was for a long time our faithful superintendent. He had a theory that he must be prepared to answer any theological question, no matter how complex, at once. Otherwise, he seemed to think that he was not up to his duty and not defending the scriptures. So, he was in hot water many times when Seth Noble or Charlie Stewart sprang some of their catch questions on him.

When John came of age he was much interested in his first vote. On election day he made up his ticket, folded it neatly and put it in his pocket and went to Heyworth to vote. Before he voted, however, he went to "Doc Mack" and got some dovers powders, which were much used in those days. The doctor folded them into a neat roll, too. Then John went and voted. But when he got home he found he still had the ballot. Evidently his first vote was dovers powders.

One of our members was Dave Hartsen, who came from out of the prairie. He liked to hear himself argue and was always butting in more or less. One time John was expounding the lesson with a good deal of enthusiasm, when Dave tried to interrupt him. "Mister Supe—" he cried. But that was as far as he got John kept right on. He tried again and shouted, "Mister Supe—" But John kept on expounding. A third time he tried, "Mister Supe—Mister Supe—" But he could not head John off. After that we always called Dave Hartsen "Mister Supe."

"Dock" Houser taught the men's class, over in the

“Amen corner.” All Methodist Churches had what they called the “amen corner.” It was up in front and the good sisters who shouted “Amen” usually sat there. They did not study the real lesson very much, but put in most of the time arguing doctrine. John was a good Methodist. Mr. Powell and Will Misner were Campbellites, while Tom Noble, Harvey Rust and Father were classed as Unitarians. Seth Noble and Charlie Stewart were Free Thinkers. That is, they scoffed at every kind of religion.

Louder and louder would their voices boom out, over some deep theological questions: forordination; infant damnation; immersion essential to salvation; literal hell; infallability of the Scriptures. These were the principal subjects they clashed over. “Uncle Dock” would stand over them, chuckling, nodding his head or shaking it saying, “Oh, no; oh, no! That isn’t the meaning at all.” John used to have to go over and “shush” them many times, in order that the other teachers could make themselves heard at all.

Charlie Stewart usually got the best of the arguments, for after he had shouted out his assertions and claims, he wound up by laughing so loud and so long that the other men couldn’t get in a word edgewise.

So, our Sunday School was never dull. But I believe it did a great good in the neighborhood. For in spite of the arguments, disputes and heresies that were thrown out, we learned quite a lot of the great truths of the Bible. And I have noticed in all cases, it has always held its own.

CEMETERIES

Randolph has three cemeteries outside of Heyworth. There are a few groups of graves here and there at other places where they had buried some of their dead, but these are pretty much abandoned. However, Shiloh, the Passwater cemetery and the Stewart cemetery have been kept up and in them lie many of the pioneers. Governor Moore lies in the Passwater Cemetery with a very nice monument to his memory.

I have been told that the Stewart cemetery was first used to bury a man who was struck by lightning, but where he lies, no one seems to know. My brother and I were grubbing around some years ago and the rake caught on something hard and we pulled up out of the heavy grass a flat tombstone. It was to the memory of a niece of Gardner Randolph with no date. The curious fact was that it had lain there for almost a century and no one ever knew of it before. For we have no recollection of seeing it until then. It had apparently been upset and had been walked over and moved over and utterly unknown throughout the long years. It is now again erected and in good condition.

Occasionally when I was very young, a few wandering Indians came by—possibly the remains of the once powerful Kickapoos. They camped over in a boggy place in Stringfield's pasture. They must have been a pretty crude bunch, for the neighbors said that when they got a chicken, they just pulled off the feathers and threw it into the pot as it was and ate it bodily. So when they

were done there were only a few bones left.

Two of their women came over to our house and sat by the fireplace, with heavy shawls over their heads and they hunched over and kept their heads close together. Mother said that their black eyes would dart here and there looking for something that they might want.

Then one of them began a kind of sing song, "If you please Lady Mam, would you please be so kind as to give us the loan of a little coffee." Getting that, they would confer and again gaze around and again in a soft, insinuating voice begin again, "If you please, Lady Mam, would you please be so kind as to give us the loan of a little sugar." They finally went away, but they had sadly depleted Mother's larder first.

While they were camped there a baby got sick and what with bad diet and what with poor care, it died. Some of the men came to Father and asked permission to bury it in the Graveyard, as we called it always.

Permission being given, they brought it over and buried it in the northwest corner. How much ceremony they may have had I do not know, but presume, like in the burial of Sir John Moore, "Few and short were the prayers they said." However, the next year they returned and the women went and drove down stakes and strung a lot of black beads in long festoons across the grave. These remained for several years, but the decorations and the Indians and the grave itself are pretty much forgotten.

THE BIG ELM TREE

Out in our back yard stood for years about the finest elm tree I ever saw. When it was at its best it had a spread of just one hundred and ten feet and it was perfectly symmetrical. Like a giant mushroom. When it was much smaller about sixty years ago I climbed up to the crotch where four big limbs sprang out about twelve feet from the ground. I had an old cast iron pot lid and I chucked it down between the four limbs planning to use that for a foot rest and to build a summer house over it. However, the house was never finished, but the pot lid stayed there.

My brother told me that twenty years after as the tree grew, he could see the pot lid pretty well buried in the enfolding limbs. About twenty years ago a big sleet tore out two of the big limbs. Each as big as a big tree.

Then, a big wind storm took out another, until finally the last one gave way and only the old stump, twelve feet high remained. The stump was still five feet through. But it was rotten and so he set it on fire. It burned for over a month, from the top down. One day he went to look at it and there was that pot lid lying down in the ashes.

Mr. Longfellow tells about an arrow in the heart of an oak, but I never heard of a pot lid in the heart of an elm before.

THE MOWING MACHINE THAT GOT UP IN THE WORLD

The shades of night had fallen fast, when thru the Town of Randolph passed three sturdy boys—Tom, Dick and Harry—and some say, also Tom and Jerry. And what is this they drag and carry? A ladder long, a rope and pulley—with these strange things were loaded fully. The stars gleamed in the frosty air and Randolph's Hills were bleak and bare, for Halloween was passed away, but not its spirit I must say.

For, with more energy, these lads did harder tasks than their own dads could ever get, in hoeing weeds, or chopping wood, or planting seeds.

Along the right of way they pass down thru a pasture rank with grass. The poles and singing wires they hear and pressing close a listening ear, they hear the humming song and cry "The telegrams are passing by."

A giant cottonwood raised high its gleaming arms against the sky. But what is this? At last they see a costly mower 'neath the tree. For, Farmer John sometimes forgot to keep his mower on the lot and sometimes ran the boys away, when all they did was stop and play.

"What's this," cried Tom and Dick together. "A fine machine out in this weather."

I hear that thieves are active now," said Harry, with an anxious brow, "We ought to raise it from the mire and save it safe from thieves and fire."

And so, they heaved and tugged amain, with rope and pulley hard they strain. Until, at last that mower hung far up the tree and there it swung like some strange

pendulum at last, for many days tied hard and fast.

The boys content hied home to bed. They never heard of Boy Scout creed, but still among themselves they said, "Today, we did a kindly deed."

But Farmer John was not so glad and neighbors titters made him mad, as with kind words, but twinkling eye, they talked of mowers getting high. So, when the paper with keen wit, said Farmer John would have to quit his farming job—the reason why—mowing machines had gone so high. Then he WAS wroth and entered suit for damage, trespassing to boot. Malicious mischief, damage heavy was what he sought to prove and levy. So, deputies were soon about to seek the guilty culprits out. But they laid low—Tom, Dick and Harry—until at last they scared poor Jerry with visions of the County Jail; at last his nerve and courage fail and so, the Don John's keep to shun it, he went and told the Judge "who done it."

"A trial," cried the quizzing neighbors, and so they stopped their other labors and hurried over to Squire Van and there the law suit soon began. The lawyers pled and soon they fix upon a jury—only six tried men and true—to fix the charge for the offense according to the evidence. Squire Van looked wise, but soon looked grave; the evidence that each one gave was so conflicting on each side; until at last one juror cried, "Let's go and look ourselves and see the damage done to land and tree."

So, witnesses and Squire and jury, hied out across the field like fury. But, when they came up, all agree, there was no mower in the tree. But, sitting in its proper place, the mower sat unhurt; no trace of rope; no scar

on tree or land it's face to mar.

The explanation simple quite. The boys had gone that very night and and evened up a troubling score by taking down that pesky mower. Then long and loud the neighbors laughed and Farmer John they quizzed and chaffed. Till, finally, in some distress he murmured "That is all, I guess."

No less a judge because he stood beneath a giant cottonwood. "No, not quite all," the Squire replied, "until the costs are satisfied. These costs are yours and you must pay, before this court adjourns this day."

So, Farmer John, with gleaming cash, was made to pay for lawsuit rash.

But, after that the neighbor folks disturbed him with their jibes and jokes. Until at last, the folks relate, he sold his place and left the state.

So, all the boys made glad and merry. Tom, Dick and Harry—also Jerry.

HOW I GOT MY START

BY C. N. VanDervoort

When I was a boy, we lived on a road that ran down a few miles to where there was a tavern, run by a man called Big Bill. It was a rough place and my father told us boys that if he ever heard of us going down there he would give us a licking we would not soon forget. But my brother Jeff was a venturesome boy and he kept suggesting that we just hide by and see what was going on. He argued that Father had not said we could not ride by.

One day we heard that there was to be a horse race and this excited me very much. So, yielding to the temptation I slipped out to the barn and strapped a piece of carpet on Old Nell and started to the cross road store. I was barefooted and had on an old linen duster and an old straw hat and my pants were rolled up to my knees.

When I got to the store I found a lot of men drinking, fighting and cursing. Big Bill handed out whiskey in tin cups and carried a big hickory cane which he used at times on the head of some obstreperous customer. I sat on Old Nell some distance away, being afraid to venture too close. Five men, all strangers, rode their horses into the group and each proclaimed loudly that his horse could out run any horse in the county.

Big Bill took charge and it was soon arranged that each horse owner should put up two dollars, making a purse of ten dollars. They at once got into an argument as to who should hold the stakes. They all agreed that they would not trust Big Bill and commenced looking

around for some one to hold the stakes.

One of the men spied me, sitting on Old Nell, and said, "Give it to the boy on the gray mare. He looks honest and is not drunk." So, before I could get my wits together Old Nell was led to one side and a mark drawn across the road and I was handed the money and told to give it to the first one who crossed the line. The money, mostly silver, was placed in my outside duster pocket. I was scared stiff, but afraid to make any protest.

The five horseman rode off up the road to a big tree just a mile away. Big Bill came out with a big shotgun which he loaded with a double charge, and the men were told to start when he fired the gun. They rode away and the road was filled with cursing, yelling, drunken men making bets and fighting.

The men reached the big tree and lined up. Big Bill stood with his shot gun just back of me and when he thought they were ready he let loose with both barrels of the over-loaded gun. Old Nell gave a snort and one leap into the middle of the road. She took the bit in her teeth and with head and tail up started down the road on a dead run for home. I held onto her mane for dear life and let the reins lay on her neck. The stable door was low and she scraped me off as she rushed into her stall. I rolled off onto a manure pile and lay there trembling with fear. Finally, finding myself not hurt I commenced feeling around and came across that money still in the pocket of my linen duster. Then I WAS scared. But I hunted up a tin can and climbed up in the haymow and hid the money on a rafter. My father had trained

us to be strictly honest, but what was I to do? I had no idea who the men were and they themselves had said they would not trust Big Bill. Neither could I return the money to those men. They were entire strangers.

Most of all I feared Father's big hickory stick, and I certainly could not go to him for advice. If ever a boy had a problem I was that boy and I could not sleep well for some time.

However, after a while a neighbor asked me to do some work for him and after it was done, he told me that he could not pay me in cash, but if I could find ten dollars he would let me have a nice sow and a litter of pigs. So, not knowing any better solution I went and got the money out of the can and gave it to him. However, I afterwards sold the pigs at a good profit and got others and that is how I got my start in life.

THE TALLOW HOUND

When Uncle Jeff first got married, he went out on the prairie on a farm with his new wife, Sarah. He called her Sallie.

One day in the fall he said to her, "Sallie, I guess I will call in a neighbor and butcher that fat heifer. Then we will have our winter supply of meat and we can get enough tallow for you to make up your winter supply of candles."

So he called in the neighbor and they butchered the heifer and after getting the beef disposed of, he took a lot of the tallow and piled it up on the back porch and asked the neighbor in to dinner.

After dinner, when he came out on the porch, he was much disturbed to see his big lean hound dog just lapping up the last of the tallow and licking his lips, while his sides stuck out like he had swallowed a balloon.

Uncle Jeff did not hesitate a minute. He just rushed into the house, grabbed his rifle and ran out of doors. Pretty soon he came back into the house. "Sallie," he said, "your tallow is still on the back porch and I think you can still make your winter's supply of candles. But that dog has disappeared."

A STRANGE INTERLUDE

In my Uncle Clark's family ran a strain of mysticism. Some of the children at time were somewhat psychic.

Sitting at Uncle Clark's feet one pleasant afternoon he paused in his talk for a moment and then said: "Clark I want to tell you an event that happened to me when I was a boy; a strange experience and one that I will never forget. "We lived on a small farm which Father had bought and partly paid for. But, it seems that there was a mortgage of some size coming due very soon. I knew that the folks were very much worried about something but had no idea what it was. But we children all sensed that there was some kind of a cloud hanging over us.

"My brother, Wilson, was a sensitive child and slept in a trundle bed which was pushed under my father's and mother's bed during the day time. About midnight my brother Wilson woke me up, crying. He whispered to me that grandfather Ruland had been talking to him about some money. I told him he must be dreaming and to go back to sleep.

"About five o'clock he woke me up again and said grandfather had returned again and that I must get up and do as he said. So we slipped out of bed and went into the kitchen and dressed by the fireplace. Wilson said that Grandfather told him there was some money in a box under the last step of the stairway in the closet back of father's bed and he wanted us to get it and give it to my mother. Wilson commenced to cry and said he was scared. I lighted a candle and we crept into the

closet without waking father or mother. After turning things upside down and moving some boxes stored there, we found a loose board in front of the first step. We removed it and in the far corner I found a wooden box. it was quite heavy. Wilson was holding the candle and he commenced to cry. I thought he was going to faint. He wanted to give it up, but I told him we must do just as Grandfather told us to do. I took the box and we slipped into the kitchen. I soon had a good fire and started breakfast. I called father and he said it was too early for breakfast. I told him I had a reason and wanted mother to have her breakfast with us as soon as possible. She said she did not think she was able to sit up but we carried her out to the table. We put her in a rocking chair and had our humble breakfast. She said she must go back to bed, but I told her to wait a few minutes as we had a surprise for her.

"Wilson and I went into the closet and brought out the box and placed it beside her plate. We told her about grandfather appearing to Wilson and telling him where to find it. We opened the box and inside found two buckskin bags filled with silver money. Mother burst out crying and the rest of us were soon all weeping with her.

"After we quieted down father and I counted the money. There was \$265.00 mostly in French and British coinage, in the two bags.

"That was just the amount they needed to pay off the mortgage and with it they did pay it off and our troubles in the matter were over."

Uncle Clark sat in silence for a moment. Then he

said, "Clark, how do you account for that?"

I pass the question over to you, dear reader. How do you account for it?

THE COON SKIN

Once upon a time my brother Bruce and I found a coon up in a tree over in the timber. It was after dark, but we could see him and see his eyes shining. Bruce got very much interested, so he said, "Now Bubbie, you stay here and watch so he don't get away while I go home and get the gun and we will sell the skin and divide the money."

So, I settled down to watch. But it was very dark and lonesome and chilly and Bruce had trouble finding his ammunition. So after waiting quite a while, I got weary and sneaked off home. Later on Bruce came with the gun and finally shot Mister Coon and brought him home. But, oh how he heckled me for being so slack. I took it pretty meekly and finally we got our skin all ready for the market.

"Now," said Bruce, "you really are not entitled to anything, but how much do you want for your share?"

"Well," said I humbly, "is fifty cents too much for my share?"

Oh, I suppose I will have to give you that," grumbled Bruce. So he gave me fifty cents for my share.

But when he took his skin to town, the market seemed to have dropped on coon skins and all he got for the whole thing was just a quarter.

THE MAN WHO BEAT UP HIS WIFE

A very pleasant man came from the south with his young bride and settled out on the prairie. He was friendly and neighborly and pleasant and the neighbors were glad to have them come.

But, after awhile rumors came to them that Uncle Harry was abusing his wife. This the neighbors did not like and they discussed more than once going to him and telling him that that sort of thing could not be tolerated in this neighborhood.

Finally, the hired hand reported a very flagrant piece of whipping. So, three of his neighbors elected themselves a committee to remonstrate with him. When they knocked, he met them most graciously and was very voluable and friendly. Finally one of the men interrupted him to say: "Mister J. Rumors have come to us about the treatment that you have been giving your wife. How about it?"

"Me," cried Uncle Harry. "Why gentlemen, there is nothing to that. I am a good citizen. I work hard and pay my debts. Why, I contribute to the work of the Lord. Oh no, gentlemen; you must be mistaken."

"How about that time the other morning when the hand says you whipped her?" asked one of the men.

"That; oh that," said Uncle Harry casually. "Oh, that was nothing. You see, gentlemen," he continued pleasantly. "I got up and made the fire and called my wife to get up and get breakfast while I did the chores. But when I came in all sharp set for breakfast, she was still in bed."

"But what did you do then?" asked one of the committee.

"Why, not much. You see gentlemen, I love my wife. I would not abuse her at all."

"But what did you do?" persisted the man.

"Oh, all I did was jist to kitch her by the hair and jerked her out of bed and kicked her a few times. But that was just sort of funnin' like. Why, no gentlemen, I love my wife. If I did not, I might have been a little rough with her."

THE BOUQUET CLUB

Some of our young folks developed a strong literary turn in school. So, one summer, Bruce put in a lot of time planning a literary society. Several years before that we had had one at the school. We named it the Star Club, because the members all had to wear stars while in session. Win Smith was the teacher, I believe. The committee had gone to town and had a tinner cut out about a hundred tin stars and the first and by far the liveliest part of the session was getting our stars put on, amid a lot of confusion and noise. Then at the close we had to turn them in. We did have some recitations and dialogs and debates also.

"Resolved that there is more happiness in pursuit than in possession."

"Resolved that pride and ambition cause more

misery than ignorance and superstition.”

“Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished.”

Woman’s Suffrage—Tariff—even Prohibition—were vociferously advocated and condemned.

Bruce conceived the idea that we should say “To be resolved” and then after the judge’s decision we would know which was. Then Bruce had a habit of calling his opponents “My unworthy Opponents,” to show his disdain. But Father talked him out of both of those ideas.

The Bouquet Club was to wear bouquets instead of stars to designate them as members. They could wear them like stars minus the confusion and noise—and plus the refining influence of the flowers. On the whole I think that, after the Sunday School, the Bouquet Club did more for the intellect and refinement of the neighborhood than any other organization. For we met at each other’s houses and had a certain amount of social contact, in addition to our mental achievements. Peace to its memory.

And peace to the memory of all those very worthy people that made up the personel of Randolph’s Grove and did so much for its welfare, advancement and refinement.

“On Randolph Hills—to rest and sleep.
To lose the city’s rude
And dusty turmoil in the deep
Sweet peace of solitude.
Content forever just to lie
Above the singing rills.
Content to dream—almost to die—
At rest—on Randolph Hills.”

Ed Wilson (In The Pantagraph)



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